MARVEL® COMICS

EXILES™

MARVEL PG 14

Atlantis.

For centuries it has been a source of myth and legend.

In most realms, in many worlds... it exists.

Long ago, the city and its inhabitants were the victims of both natural disasters and interloping nations.

It hardened them into a warrior race.

No longer will they wait to be the prey of the surface world dwellers.

They plan to conquer it.

And this small European country they now invade will be the first to fall.

This is Prince Namor. Monarch of the underwater nation. Ruler of the oceans.

And he is without mercy.

And they have to stop him.

Which means helping him.

They are THE EXILES heroes from different dimensions thrown together to set right the broken chains of time. When they succeed, they will return to their homes with their previous lives intact.

He is Victor Von Doom. DOCTOR DOOM. He rules Latveria, the Eastern European country of his upbringing. As an adult, he returned to his homeland, overthrowing the standing government and crowning himself king.

He has also done a number of other things that haven't made him very popular with his present company.

SIX STRANGERS, EACH A HERO FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO ENSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; SUNFIRE — MISTRESS OF FLAME; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; SASQUATCH — GREAT WHITE BEAST OF THE NORTH, AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE EXILES IN

I COVER THE WATER-FRONT PART ONE

JUDD WINICK
SCRIBE

MIKE MCKONE
PENCILS

JON HOLDREDGE
WITH LIVESAY
INKS

TRANSPARENCY DIGITAL
COLORS

PAUL TUTRONE
LETTERS

MIKE RAICHT
ASSISTANT

MIKE MARTS
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA
CHIEF

BILL JEMAS
PRESIDENT

Well, maybe he's a *good* Doctor Doom.

Does he *seem* good to you, Mariko? He keeps calling me *"whelp"*. Besides how *dorky* that is, it definitely smacks of that screwed-up, condescending, overlord thing he's got going on.

I vote for beating the crap out of him.

If we're helping out scum like *Doom*, how far are we from those c#$% in *Weapon X*? We have to draw the line somewhere. I vote for *not* helping bullethead.

We're *not* voting, Nocturne. We are listening to the *Tallus*.

We *have* to help him. If we don't, Namor conquers Latveria and murders every human inhabitant. This country becomes his foothold in the surface world and within five years, he's the monarch of over *half* the globe.

Great. So how do we help, Blink? Club some baby seals? Pose as businessmen and steal government checks from the elderly? Blow up the *Baxter Building*?

No, I--

BOMB

Not done.

Steal cosmic powers from the Silver Surfer? Banish the Avengers to the Negative Zone? Rip off Thor's hammer?

In your reality he stole Thor's hammer?

No, but don't act like he ain't *thinking* about it. Go ahead-- *ask* him.

Stop this. We all *know* what we have to do. So let's do it.

What are *you* looking at, steel britches? You got a *problem!?!*

Chill, Morph.

I don't like Doom.

I hear ya, brother.

I could kick his ass, you know...

We all know...

e#@%& right, I could...

Namor's troops managed to lure nearly three-quarters of the Latverian army to the country's southernmost end. They were encased in a forcefield. Nearly **twenty thousand** troops.

If those troops are freed, the Atlantean army would not last in open combat.

The **second** problem came with the loss of Doctor Doom's castle located in the very center of the nation's capital. After seizing it, Atlantean scientists converted most of Doom's technology towards their own purposes.

Specifically, a device that, when activated, will reconfigure Latverian air, making it possible for all Atlanteans to breathe...

...and make it impossible for humans to do so.

Someone has to free the troops.

And someone has to storm the castle.

I know what you're thinking.

The five of you go with Doom and free the army.

I'll go to the fortress. I can handle it myself.

Yep.

Be careful, Cal.

Always.

Ah-- no *kissing* in front of Doom!

All right, *enough*, let it go.

Mimic misses his home.

Compare his reality with his teammates--

--and his feels like nirvana.

It is a world where mutants are not persecuted or subjected to prejudice.

An existence where heroes have attained a level of celebrity and reverence usually held only for royalty.

Newstime

wstime

Newstime

Newstin

They are his world's great protectors.

Its saviors.

His name is Calvin Montgomery Rankin. Mimic. He is an Exile.

He is one of his world's **greatest** heroes, but it began for him **quite** differently.

His father was a brilliant scientist, but a **terrible** businessman. All of his discoveries and creations were stolen from him.

Calvin grew up poor and under the thumb of a bitter, dejected man.

Despite his own innate intellect, Calvin gravitated towards the wrong crowd. He would have most likely continued his career as a petty thief, if not for a chance meeting.

His mutant power began to manifest in his late teens, but he had no way of knowing that.

Unlike most mutants, whose abilities present themselves in an obvious way--strength, agility, telekinesis, or a thousand other variables--

--Calvin's powers to copy the abilities of others never made themselves known.

Until he was in close proximity to a group of mutant teenagers in New York City.

Calvin had gone into the convenience store to get a better look at the pretty redhead.

And he got so much more than he bargained for.

He followed them for over two hours, never letting them get more than twenty feet ahead of him. He couldn't help himself. It was intoxicating.

Calvin felt their powers surging through him. He could barely contain himself.

He eventually lost them.

But it seemed his body had kept a souvenir or two.

Everything else happened very quickly

From his understanding of what he was, a **mutant**--

to his **decision** of what to do with that gift

The Brotherhood of Evil Mutants wasn't easy to find, but his offer to join was **quickly** accepted.

Their plan to kidnap a wealthy mutant-hating Senator jibed just **fine** with the angry young man

The young super team attempting to stop him was more surprised by him than vice versa.

Unfortunately for Mimic, though, **power** did not equal **skill.**

And the **true** owners of those remarkable abilities, his reality's X Men, had the advantage of **extensive** training.

And teamwork

That, and perhaps a lack of loyalty towards their newest member, is why, when the Brotherhood's defeat was **imminent**, they **abandoned** Mimic.

Fort Terahawk
San Antonio, Texas.

However, he would be **saved**

Hello, Calvin

I *know* you know who I am. Even with the *limited* use you are making of Marvel Girl's power..

Yeah. I looked inside their *heads*. I know who you are. You're a *freak* who runs a freak's school

So, what do you want?

I suppose that is an *appropriate* question. But *mis-directed*.

Calvin... What do *you* want?

I *wanted* money

That's why I joined up with those psychos. But at the *moment*, I'm leaning more towards getting *out* of here.

I can understand that. However, I am asking the *grander* question.

In *life*, young man, what are you *looking for?*

What the hell kind of question is *that?*

A pretty *simple* one

Forget you.

Get lost, okay...?

As you wish

But I should warn you that these government facilities are not *nearly* as accommodating as my school... if you'd like to *join* us

Wait! You...

...you can get me out of here?

That is the *least* of what I can do Please give us a chance

Why the hell not? Beats jail.

It took a while for him to grow accustomed to the environment of Xavier's school

Come out with us tonight. PLEASE. --Jean

It took slightly longer for him to let people in.

But once he did, it was remarkable.

To outsiders, one might think that the other students would have been irked by the notion of having a teammate with the mutant ability to reproduce their own gifts-- their powers.

Quite the contrary.

There was no jealousy. When you live as a mutant, even with other mutants around, there is a great sense of loneliness.

You feel unique, but you also feel very much alone

Calvin provided each of the teenage heroes with a **compatriot**. Someone to **share** their uniqueness with.

And perhaps it was **that**, combined with Scott Summers' early timidness, that made it only a matter of time before he gravitated towards **leadership**.

And **beyond**.

He misses this world with his friends.

It is there that so much more of him exists.

He owns a small chain of record stores.

He wrote a book last year

He and Warren Worthington run a charity together.

Things.

Things that make up a life

Now he is a cog in a wheel

And he fights to get his life back

His one respite is a woman who could not be more different from him

Blink.

In his weaker moments, he admits that he may not love her That she is just a safe place to be

He doesn't dwell on it.

It's hard enough.

So far, so good. Doom has been on the money as far as his secret back entrance.

Here's hoping that his questionable word holds out.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Very cool.

The schematics say there's an elevator that'll take me down to the lab just up--

Human Intruder! Human Intruder!

Relay to mainframe computer! General Alert! Intruder in--

SQUAAARK!

GEEESH!

SCREEEEEEE-

SCRAG!

Okay. Not the *cakewalk* we planned, but no major problems.

Doctor Doom's Doombots, have been reprogrammed. He *said* the Atlanteans may have pulled that off. We just have to proceed with a little more caut--

Oh... crap...

OOOOOOOKAY...

This *may* not be bad. Maybe *all* these droids were never reprogrammed by Namor's scientists.

Maybe I just found myself a small *army* to lead.

INTRUDER! INTRUDER!

BATTLE MODE! BATTLE MODE!

Or maybe not.

AAARGH!

TO BE CONTINUED...